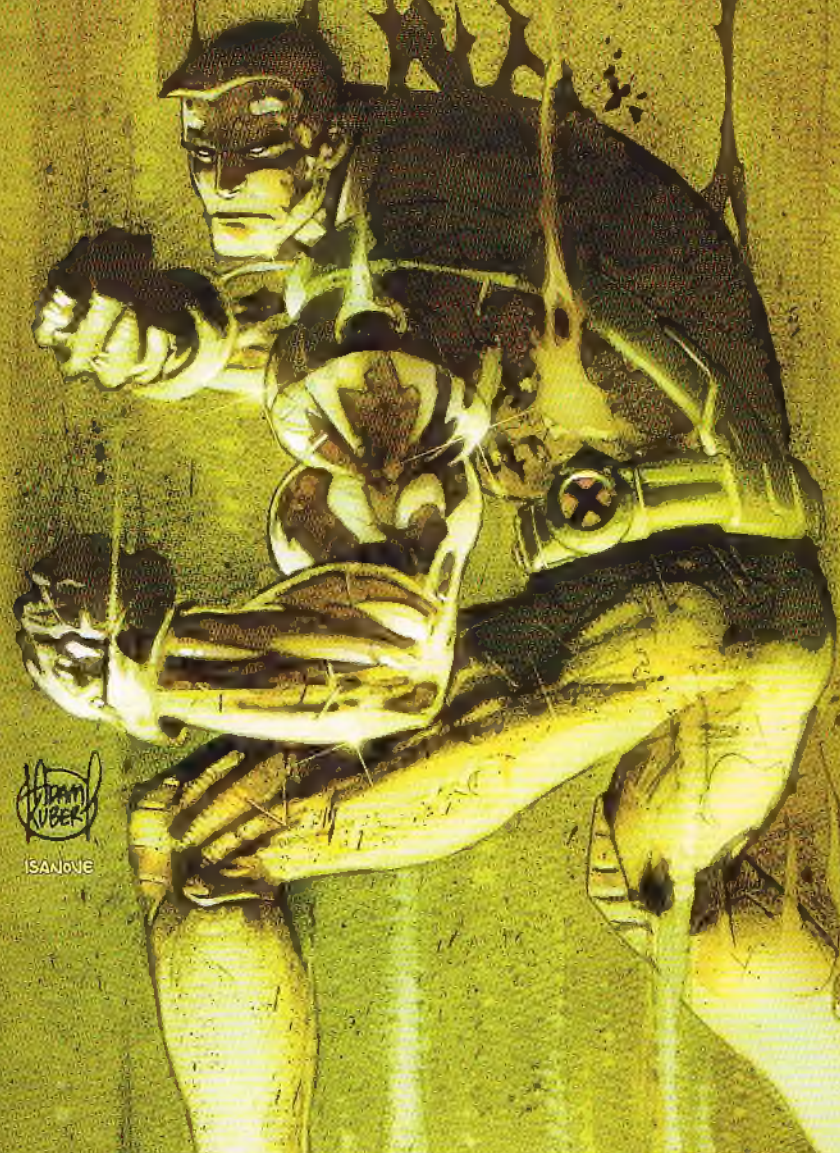


ULTIMATE

# X-MEN

ISSUE  
**18**

WORLD TOUR: PART 3



  
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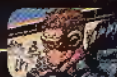


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Professor X



Cyclops



Marvel Girl



Storm



Wolverine



Iceman



Beast



Colossus

## PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE X-MEN:

Professor Charles Xavier brought them together to bridge the gap between man and mutant: Cyclops, Marvel Girl, Storm, Iceman, Beast, Colossus, Wolverine. They are The X-Men, soldiers for Xavier's dream of peaceful coexistence. But now this dream must slowly be forged into reality.

In the midst of a European book tour, Professor Xavier and The X-Men take an unexpected detour to Muir Island in Scotland. The X-Men are shocked to discover that Moira MacTaggart, Xavier's ex-wife, runs another school for mutants there. However, they soon learn that these mutants are more like patients in an institution than students in a school.

The most dangerous patient, Xavier's own son Proteus, has escaped Muir Island by using his psychic powers to transfer his consciousness from one mind to the next. With the aid of S.T.R.I.K.E. agents Betsy Braddock and Dai Thomas, Beast, Storm, Iceman and Wolverine track Proteus to the mainland where they are quickly overcome by his powerful reality-warping abilities. Things take a turn for the worse when Proteus jumps into Wolverine's body and puts his healing factor to the test by jumping in front of a truck.

Meanwhile, Cyclops and Marvel Girl have tracked Colossus down in Russia to find that he is safe and sound but has chosen to quit The X-Men!



S t a n L e e p r e s e n t s :

# ULTIMATE X-MEN

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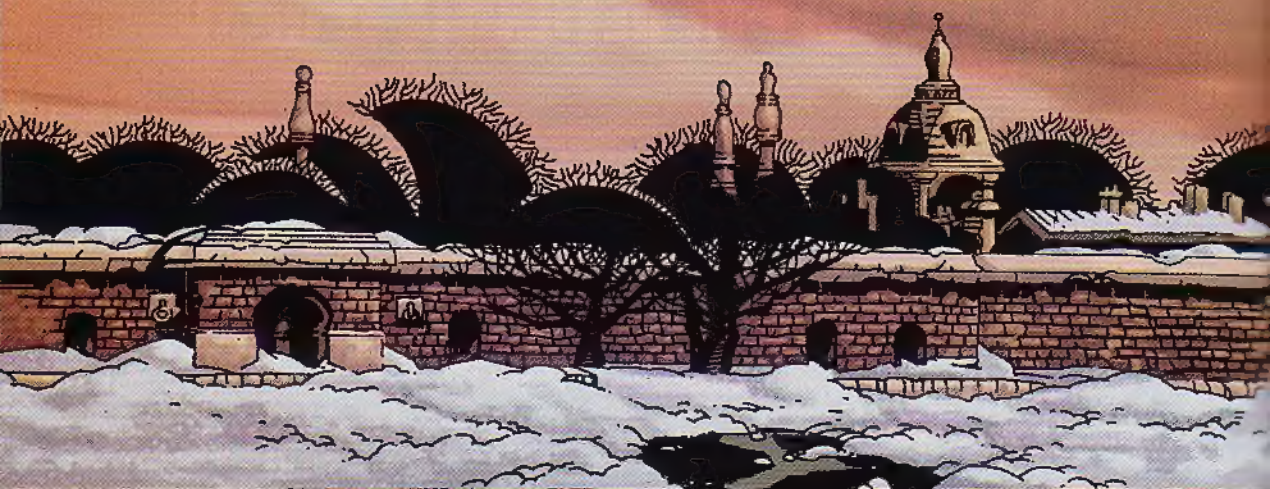
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 Saint Petersburg:



# U-MEN!







# WORLD TOUR

## PART 3



Okay, even if you don't want to be an X-Man anymore, you can't just stand there while sixty-nine Russian sailors are gasping for air in a submarine, Colosseus.

I am *sorry*, Cyclops, but that is not my problem.





But you don't even need to *breathe* when you're in *metal form*, Colossus. Couldn't you at least drop down there and try to get some *food* or some *oxygen* to those guys?

Stop trying to trick me into going back to your *stupid cult*, Marvel Girl. There are *experts* dealing with that stranded submarine. I saw them on TV during *coffee break*.

BZZATTTT



And even if they fail, surely this is the kind of emergency that *The Ultimates* were put together for, yes?

*Iron Man* and *Captain America* are *professional super heroes*. They can deal with these situations far better than some *nineteen-year-old kid* like me.



So what are you *saying*? That you're just going to spend the rest of your life hiding out here in the middle of nowhere making three dollars a week in a *car factory*?



As opposed to *what*? Hiding in a *school* behind a *psychic projection* and training to protect a world that will always hate our *guts*?







**Berlin:**

Ugh! I still can't believe we're chasing the Professor's evil mutant son instead of sunning ourselves on this international book tour we were promised.

Tell me about it, Storm. If I'd wanted to waste my time looking for fights with certifiable nut-cases I could have stayed in a regular High School.

Excuse me, Iceman, but David happens to be my son too and, as you very well know, suffers from a very serious medical condition.

Oh, sure. The kinda condition which makes him jump from body to body and kill as many folks as he can, right? Pardon me if I don't send flowers, Doctor MacTaggart.

Still, you gotta admit, it's pretty cool getting a military escort straight through the airport, Wolverine. Likewise, S.H.I.E.L.D. sending this new super-team to help us out.

The X-Men teaming up with The Ultimates, man. How spectacular is this going to be?

The only thing I don't understand is how this psychic secret agent chick can track this creep and Xavier can't.

Because he's been inside the Professor's head and designed a way of blocking him, Iceman. The lovely Miss Braddock over there's still an unknown quantity.

Not for much longer, by the looks of it. Betsy seems to be getting on pretty well with the boss, if you catch my drift.



Oh, psychics are *always* like that when they get together, Miss Munroe. It's actually a bit *creepy* watching them having those *silent* conversations.

Like watching people doing *sign-language* without moving their hands, you know?



Either that or she's got the *hots* for him, Inspector Thomas.

Oh, dear God, no!

What's wrong, Doctor? I thought you were over him?

It's only just occurred to me why David's lured everyone here to Germany. This is where Glasgow Rangers drew with Borussia Dortmund in the European Cup back in 1995.



# Dublin Airport

Dear God in Heaven.

This is where Charlie, David and I had our last family holiday.



I must admit, I'm a little surprised how shaken up Wolverine's been by all this, Professor. You always imagine someone with his reputation wouldn't be fazed by anything.

Well, Wolverine is a feral beast, Betsy.

He relies entirely on his senses and, for the first time in his life, he's up against an opponent where his abilities are essentially useless.



Tracking my son has been harrowing for everyone, but I'm confident that we'll capture and rehabilitate him soon-- especially with all this super hero backup you've arranged for us.

What do you mean rehabilitate him? You aren't planning to enlist this animal in your school, are you?



David's spent seven of the last nineteen years tied to a hospital bed, Betsy. He's probably the most powerful mutant in the world and he hasn't a clue how to use his powers.

Show me someone who needs a little education more than he does and I'll be very, very surprised, young lady.



You know, you're probably just about the strangest person I've ever met, but I'm really starting to warm to you, Professor.



Does it feel a bit weird being here with your ex-wife like this?

Not at all, actually. Moira MacTaggart and I *always* had a very complicated relationship.

"We met when I was doing a post-graduate course in genetics at Glasgow University and got married three weeks later.

"Of course, mutants were still just a *rumor* in those days, but I knew what I was and, together with Moira, we pretty much wrote the book on *post-human medicine*.

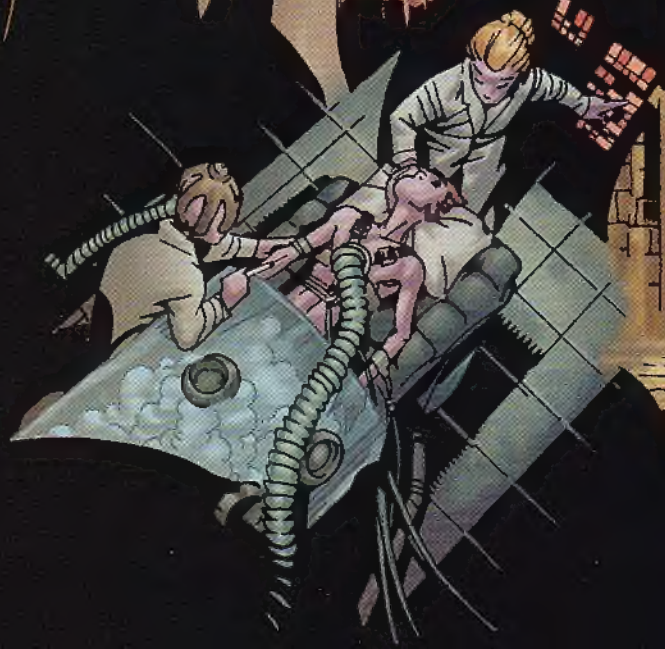
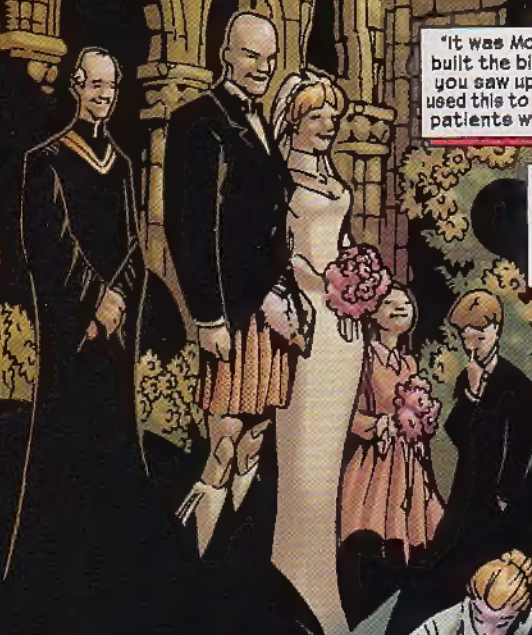
"It was Moira who designed and built the big *Cerebro* prototype you saw up on Muir Island and we used this to track down any potential patients who might need our help.

"Boys made of *steam*, dogs made of *ice cream*. We tried to save them *all* through the nineteen-eighties.

"As you can imagine, it wasn't long before we attracted the attention of *another* forward-thinking individual with an interest in *mutant teenagers* too..."

Somehow, I just can't imagine you two being *married*.

Well, you'd be surprised. The two of us were very much in love for a great many years.





"Magneto?"

"The very fellow."

"I don't know about you, but the first time I met another adult mutant was like being hit by a thunderbolt. Far, far more powerful than being in love and our human wives knew it."

"Our eyes were brighter. Our minds were faster. Sometimes we could spend seventy-two straight hours on the telephone just talking about our ideas for the world."

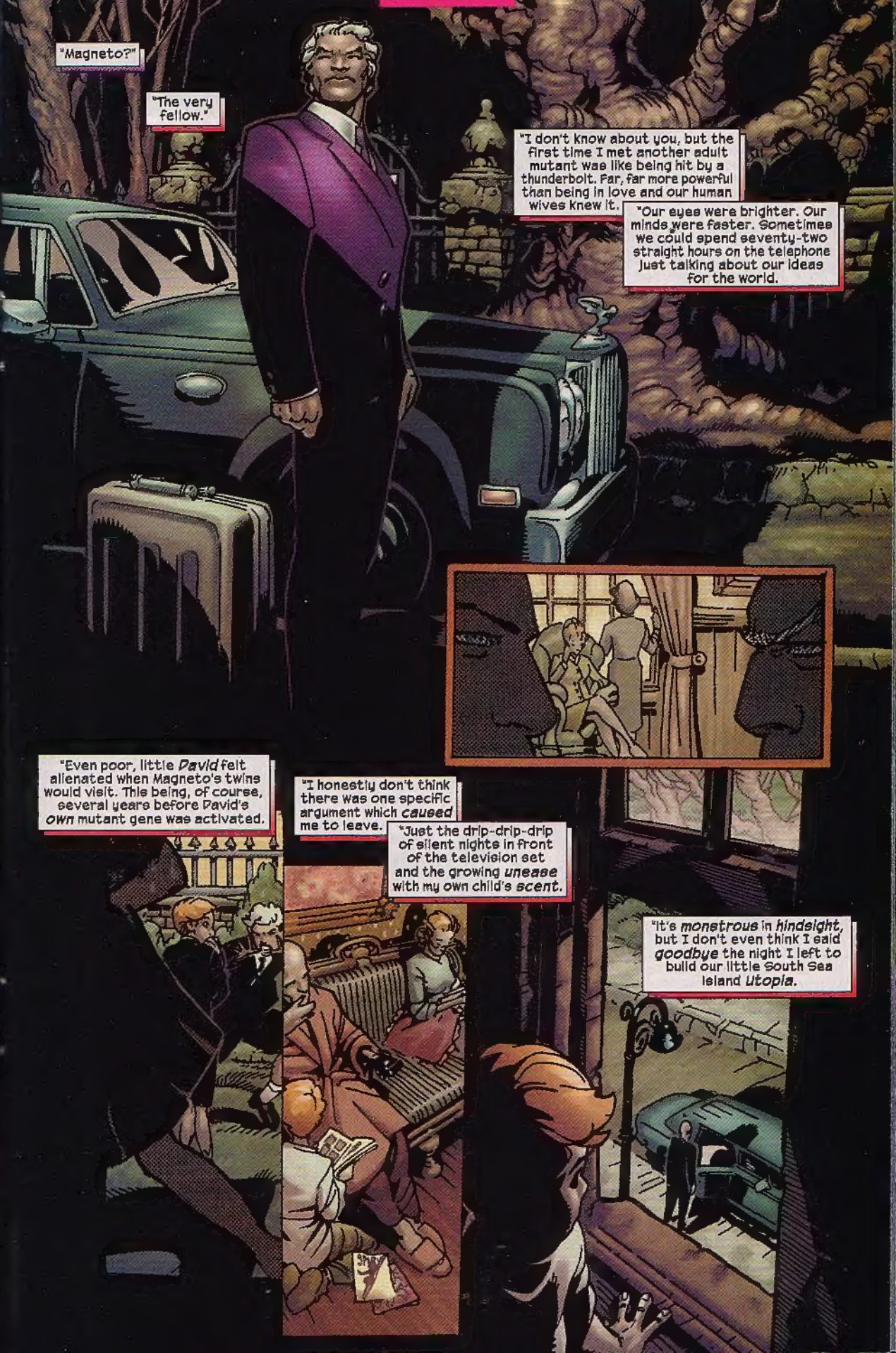


"Even poor, little David felt alienated when Magneto's twins would visit. This being, of course, several years before David's own mutant gene was activated."


"I honestly don't think there was one specific argument which caused me to leave."

"Just the drip-drip-drip of silent nights in front of the television set and the growing *unease* with my own child's scent."

"It's monstrous in hindsight, but I don't even think I said goodbye the night I left to build our little South Sea Island Utopia."









But, as everyone knows, Magneto and I had the most terrible argument when I discovered his plans, which left me crippled and confined to this wheelchair.

So, when my investors approached and offered to fund my secret New York school and this second home for less fortunate mutants, my thoughts drifted back to Moira.

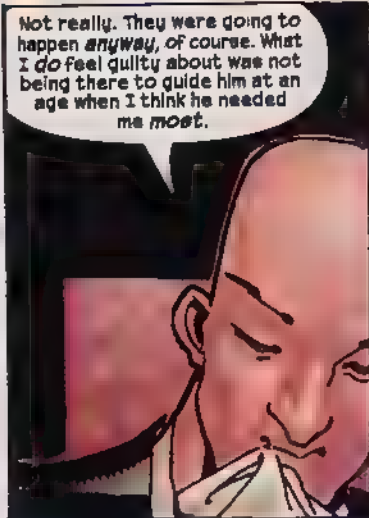
You mean you hired her to assuage your guilt for walking out on your family a few years before?




Partially, but also because she's literally the best gene-woman in the business and because I wanted to make sure that my chronically-ill son had a comfortable home.



Do you ever feel responsible for David? I mean, the fact that his reality-warping powers kicked in the day after you left?

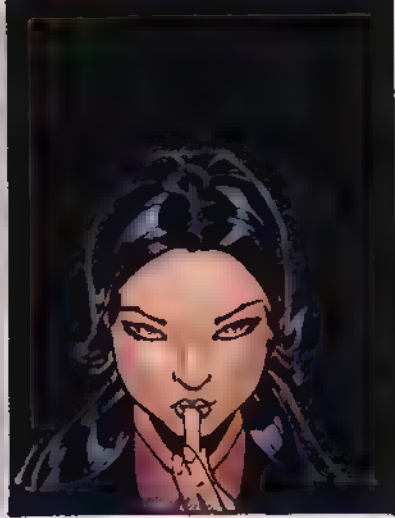


Not really. They were going to happen *anyway*, of course. What I *do* feel guilty about was not being there to guide him at an age when I think he needed me *most*.

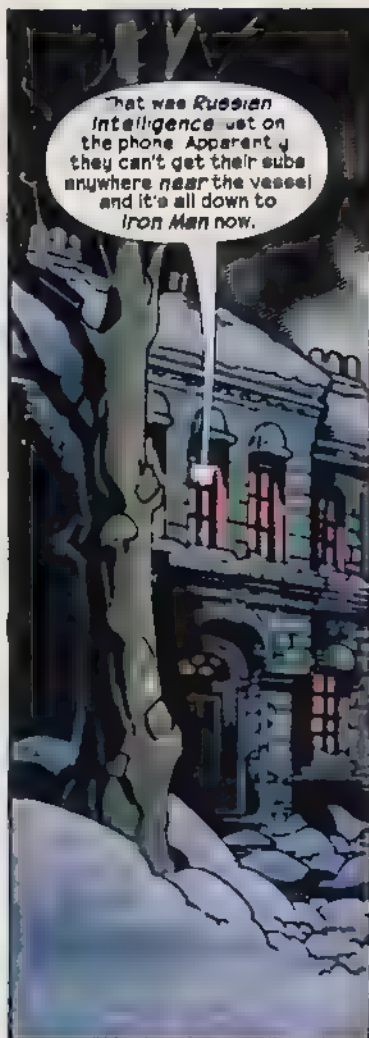


I had no shortage of love for my son, you know.

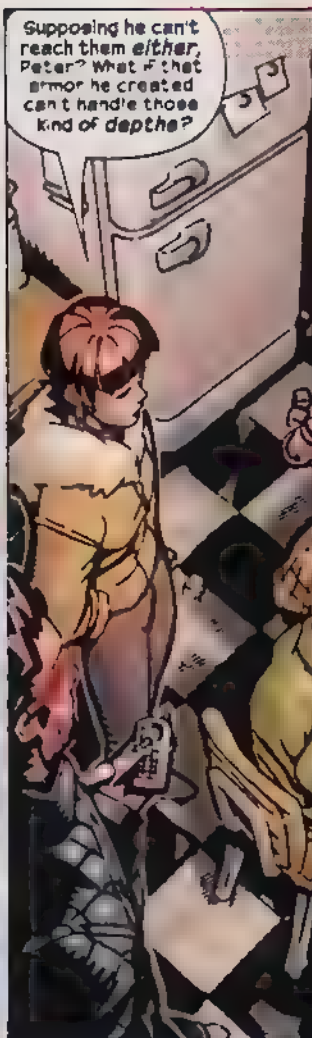
Like an owner's love for his pet, sometimes, but it was love nonetheless, Betsy.







That was Russian Intelligence just on the phone. Apparently they can't get their subs anywhere near the vessel and it's all down to Iron Man now.



Supposing he can't reach them either, Peter? What if that armor he created can't handle those kind of depths?

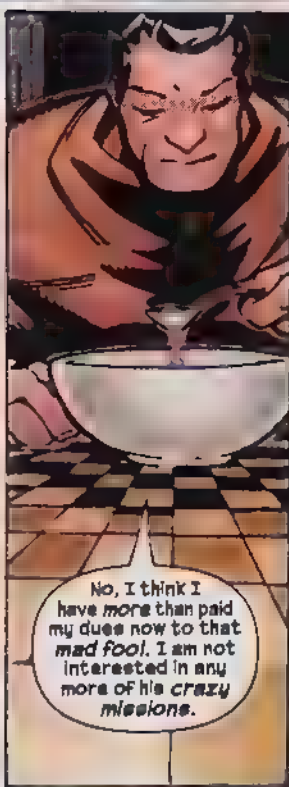
You have read the articles as well as I have, Jean. Tony Stark developed that armor to handle everything from the Mariana Trench to the surface of the Moon.

He'll reach them.

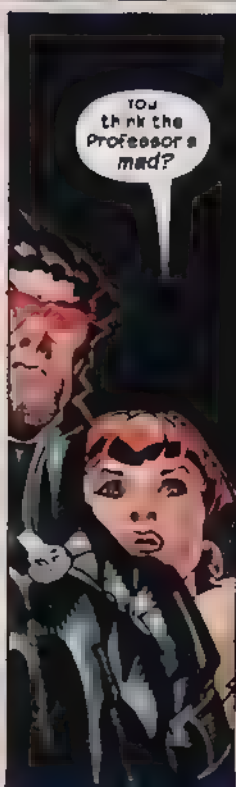


You know I really don't understand you, Peter. Now can you just sit there and eat your soup when there are people out there who need help, man?

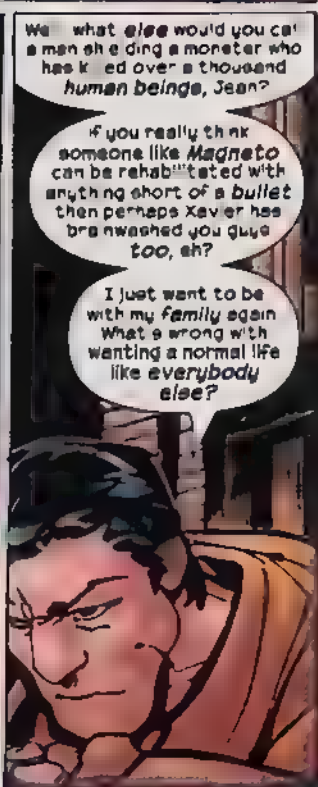
Professor X got you out of the Russian Mafia, for God's sake. Don't you think you should maybe be giving the guy a hand to find his missing son or something?



No, I think I have more than paid my dues now to that mad fool. I am not interested in any more of his crazy missions.



You think the Professor's mad?

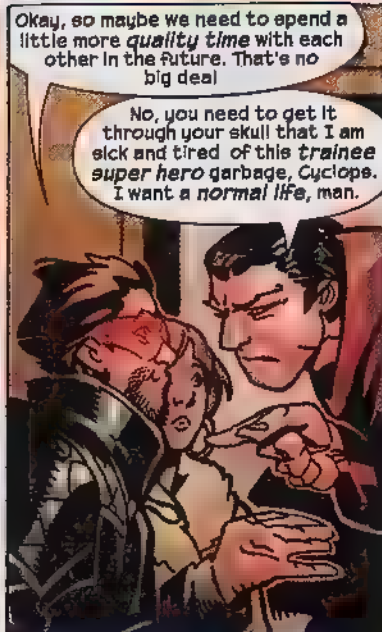
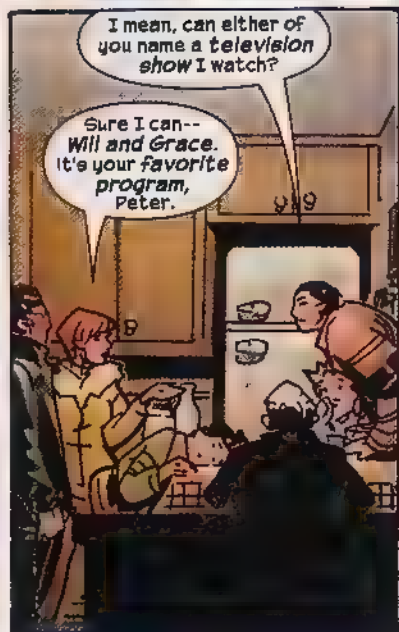
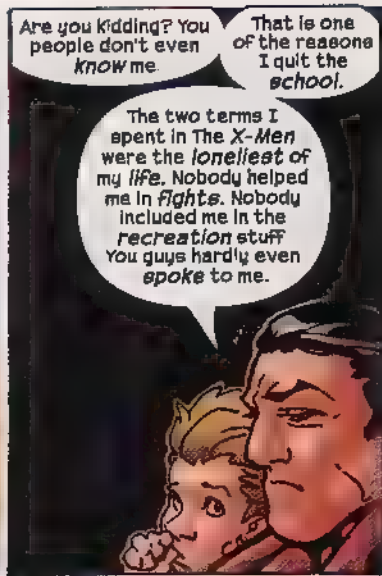
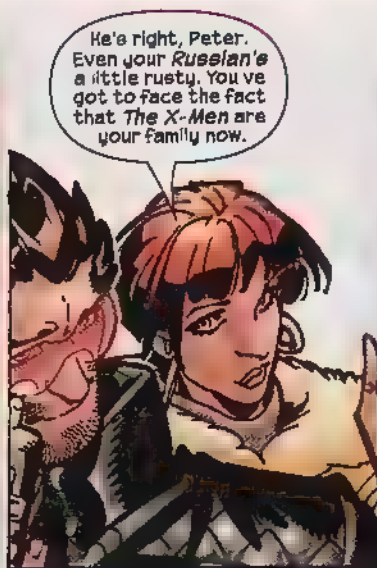
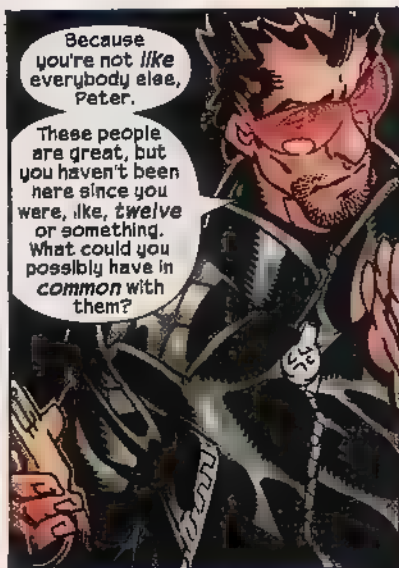


Well, what else would you call a man sheeding a monster who has killed over a thousand human beings, Jean?

If you really think someone like Magneto can be rehabilitated with anything short of a bullet, then perhaps Xavier has brainwashed you guys too, eh?

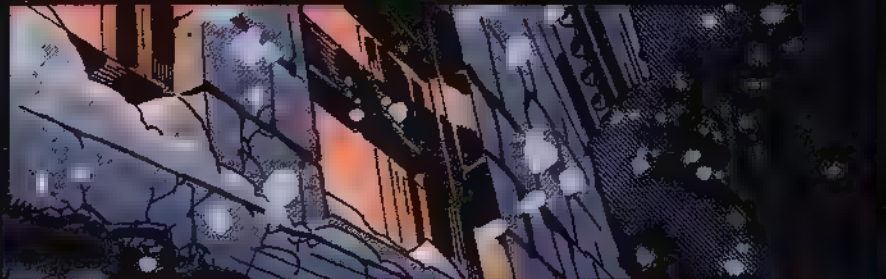
I just want to be with my family again. What's wrong with wanting a normal life like everybody else?







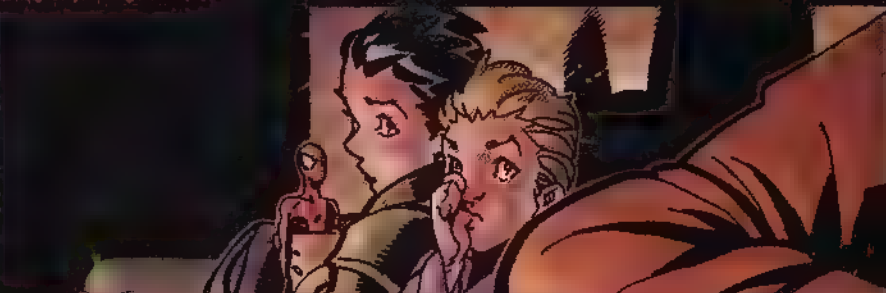
*<Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to Global News.>*



*<Time seems to be running out for the sailors trapped in the downed K-14 submarine in the Barent's Sea.>*



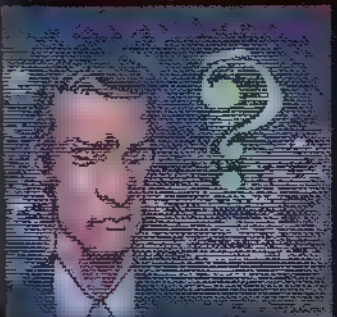
*<Where are these so-called heroes in our hour of need?>*



*<It appears hopes of Iron Man's assistance have been dashed as Tony Stark seems to be occupied elsewhere.>*



*<Our hearts go out to the families of these brave sailors who don't know if their sons will ever be coming home again...>*



*<Translated from Russian.>*



# The Barents Sea



Okay, Tony Stark might be stuck up in space right now, but you're going to have British, German and French divers backing you up *all the way* down there, mate.

If there's a problem and you really don't reckon you can dislodge the K-14, just give us the signal and we'll have you out of there in a jiffy, right?

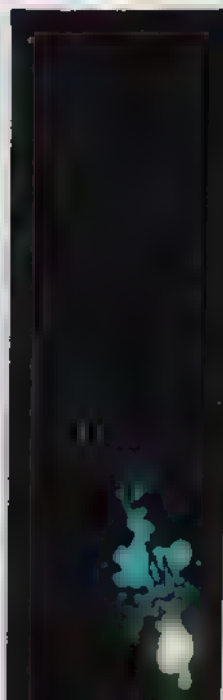
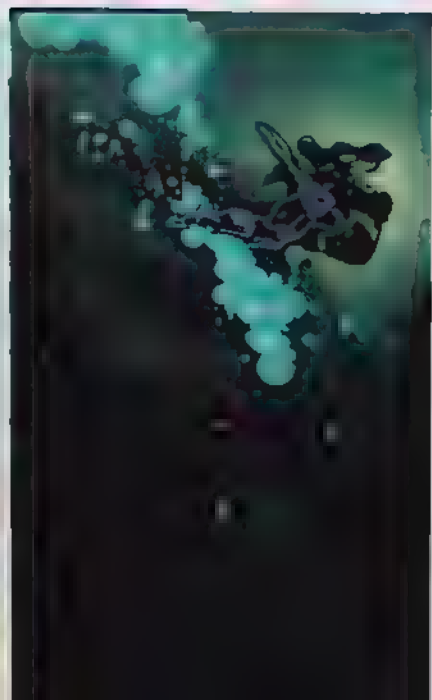
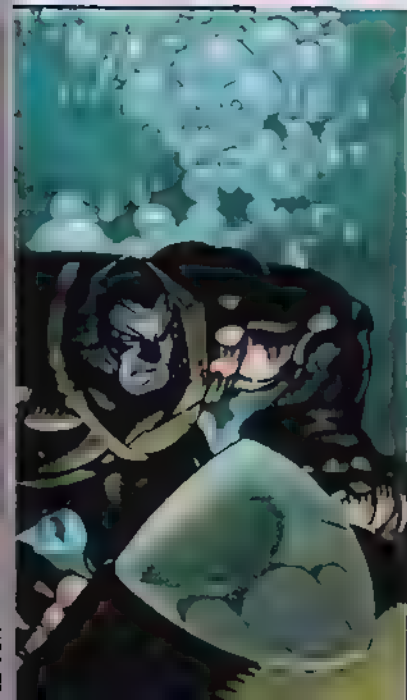
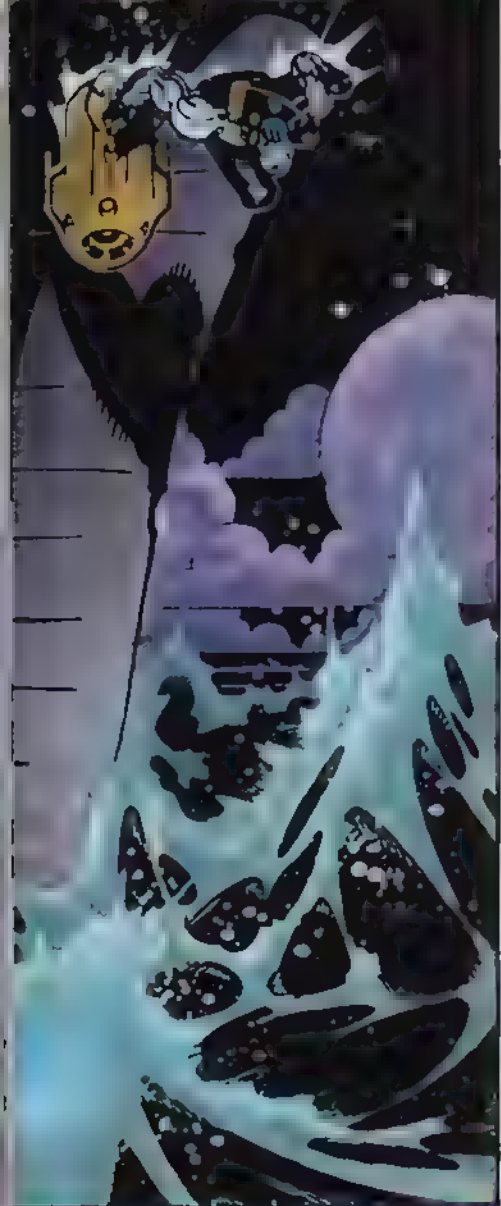
There will not be a problem, Colonel...



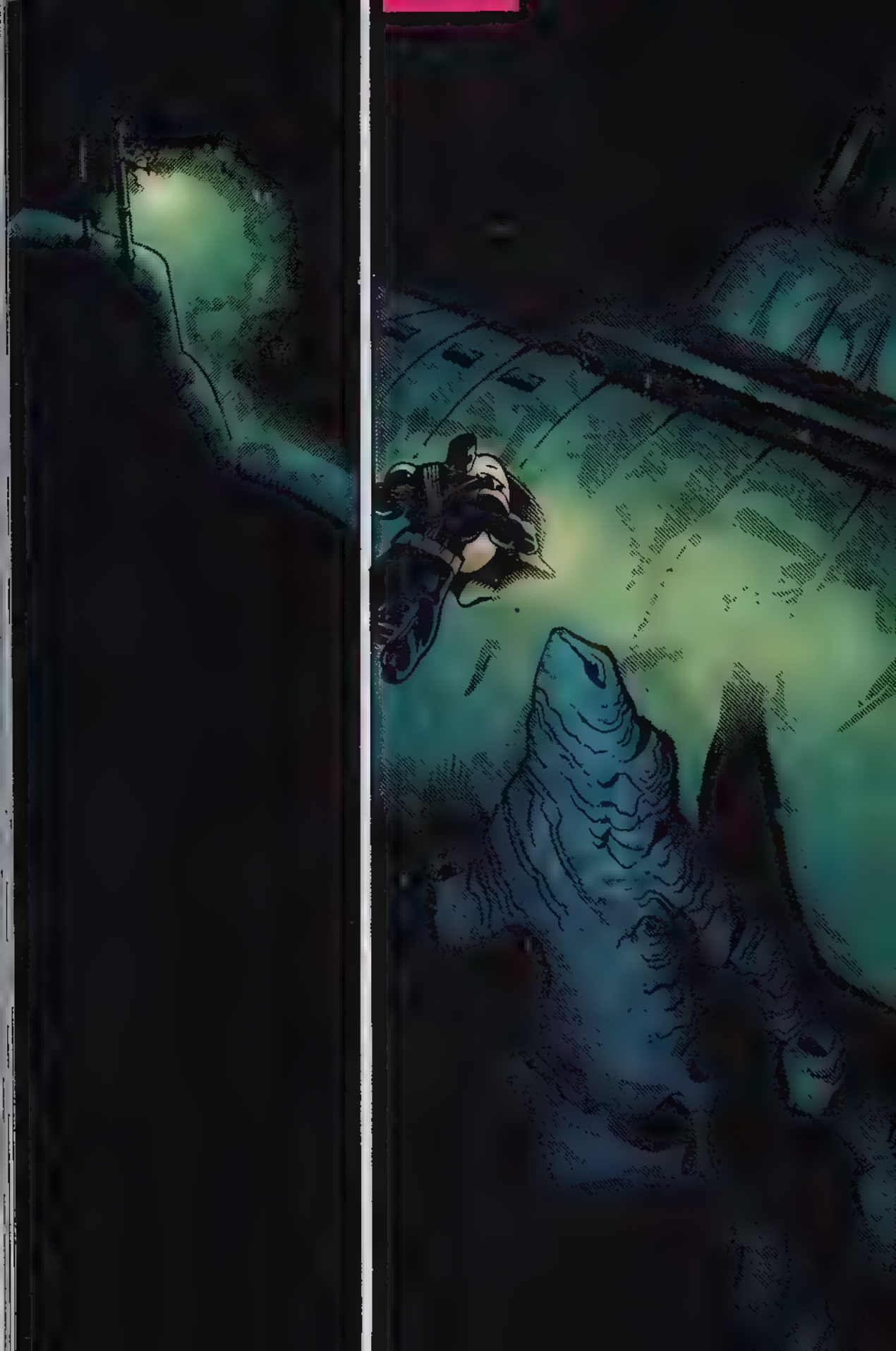
After all, if  
**COLOSSUS**  
cannot do this,  
who can?



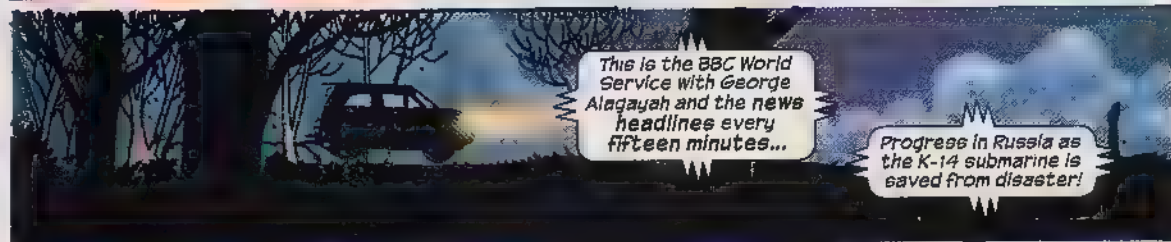






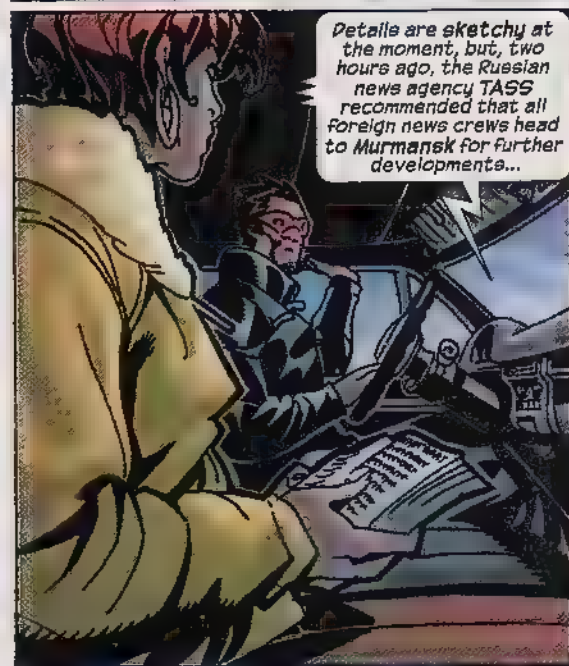






This is the BBC World Service with George Alagayah and the news headlines every fifteen minutes...

Progress in Russia as the K-14 submarine is saved from disaster!



Details are sketchy at the moment, but, two hours ago, the Russian news agency TASS recommended that all foreign news crews head to Murmansk for further developments...



How the heck should I know what it is? All I know is I'm not going there without a photographer, dude. Just finish your beer and move!



Oh, for the love of God!

Is this a front page or is this a front page?











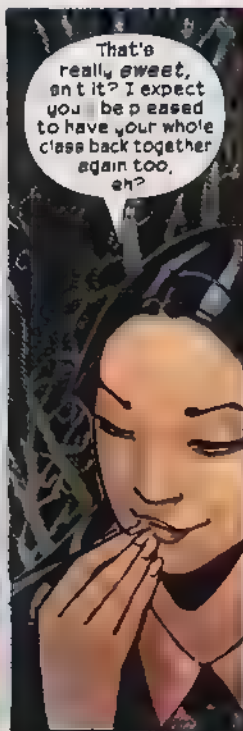






The students are excited about Peter coming back

I think they've realized how much they left him out of things over the past year, to be honest. That's why they're making such a big deal about everybody meeting him from the plane.

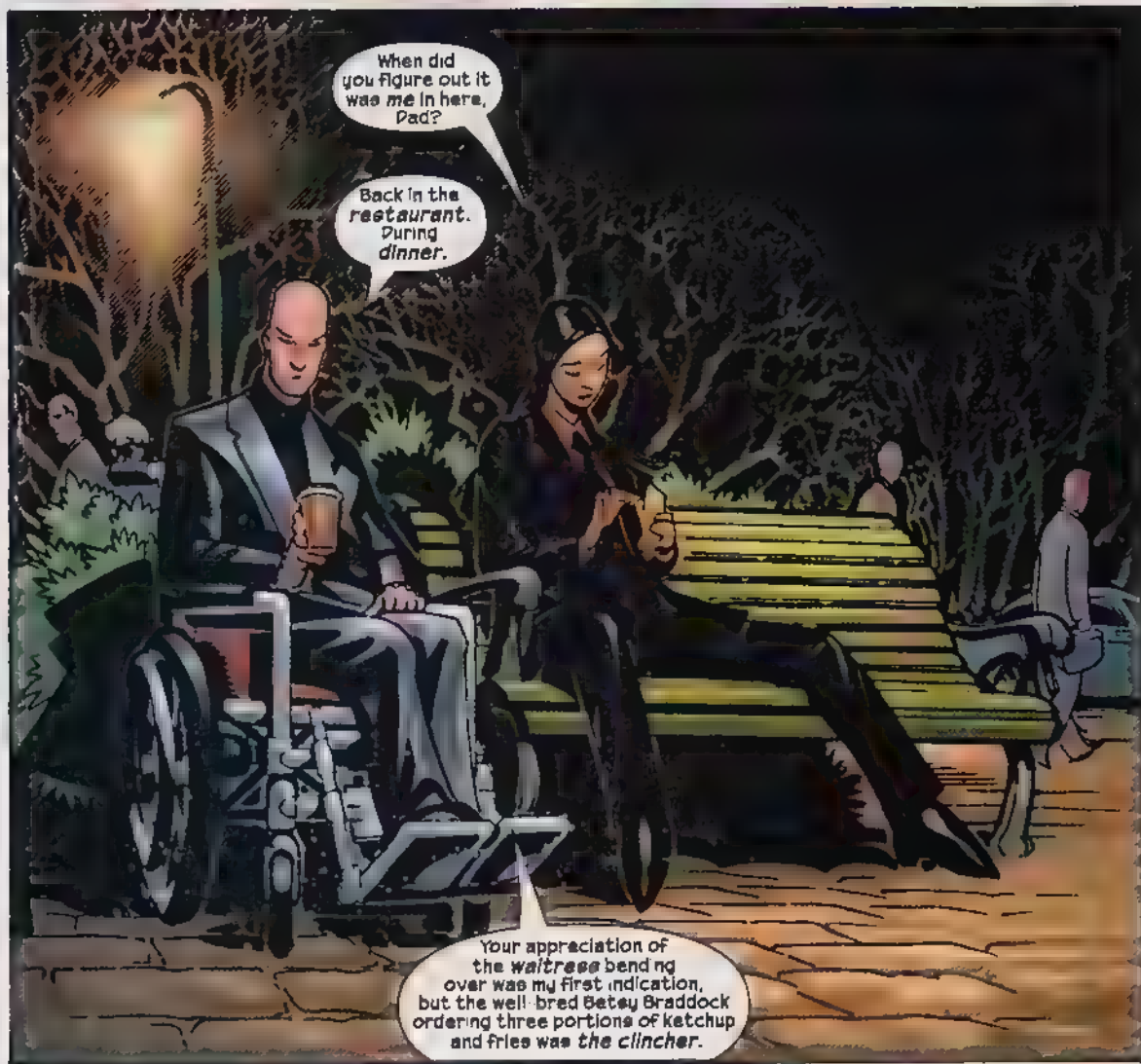


That's really sweet, isn't it? I expect you'll be pleased to have your whole class back together again too, eh?



Oh, yes. And you, I suppose. Since it gives you a chance to exact this revenge you've been planning.

That is what you've been waiting for, isn't it, David?



When did you figure out it was me in here, Dad?

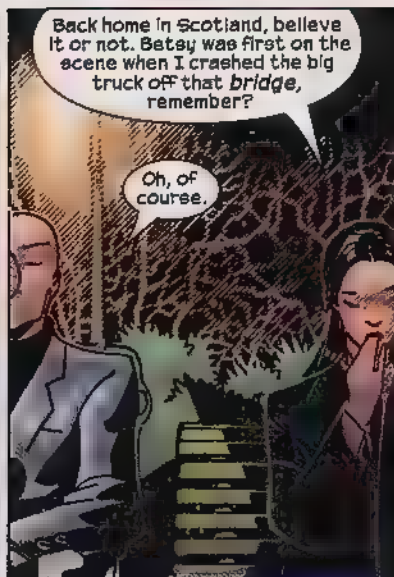
Back in the restaurant. During dinner.

Your appreciation of the waitress bending over was my first indication, but the well-bred Betsy Braddock ordering three portions of ketchup and fries was the clincher.





When did you make the jump?



Back home in Scotland, believe it or not. Betsy was first on the scene when I crashed the big truck off that bridge, remember?

Oh, of course.



I take it Inspector Thomas is dead?



As the Podo, Dad.

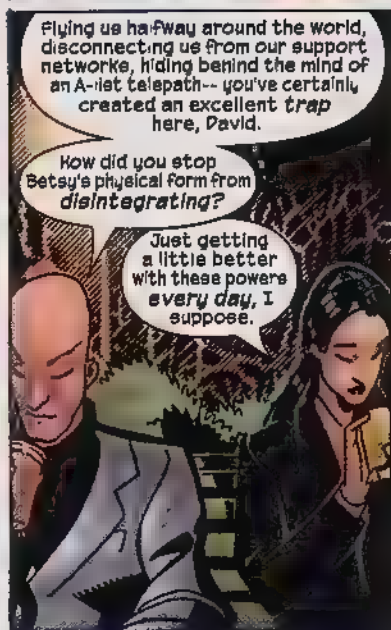


And The Ultimates?

never even called them.



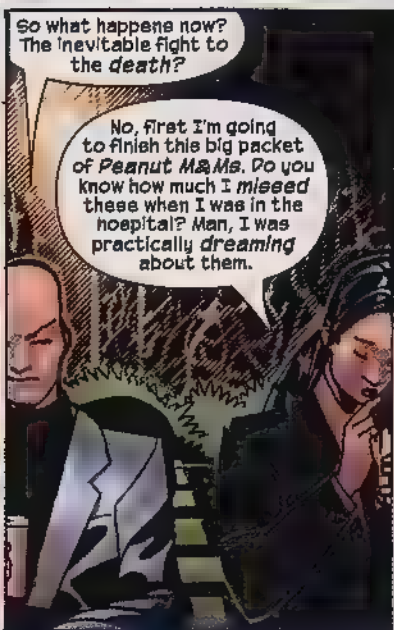
Likewise, that big S.H.I.E.L.D. backup team who were supposed to have been coming to lend a hand. So don't expect any last-minute rescues or anything like that



Flying us halfway around the world, disconnecting us from our support networks, hiding behind the mind of an A-list telepath-- you've certainly created an excellent trap here, David.

How did you stop Betsy's physical form from disintegrating?

Just getting a little better with these powers every day, I suppose.



So what happens now? The inevitable fight to the death?

No, first I'm going to finish this big packet of Peanut M&M's. Do you know how much I missed these when I was in the hospital? Man, I was practically dreaming about them.



But after that I'm going to kill you. I'm going to kill you and all these wee X-Men you left us for and then I'm going to trash everything you ever built, Dad.

I'm going to make you wish you'd never been born.



I'll stop you,  
you know. I don't  
care about your reality-  
warping powers. I don't  
care about the fact  
you've found a way to  
block me from your  
thoughts...

...I'll still  
find a way to  
stop you,  
David.

We'll  
see.

To Be Concluded! 



# JAY LENO & SPIDER-MAN: ONE NIGHT ONLY!

(DON'T FORGET TO TIP  
YOUR WAITRESS)

PART THREE

WAAAAH!

LENO YOU'RE  
GONNA GET US  
KILLED YOU MANIAC!  
SLOW DOWN!

I'D LOVE TO  
DEFINITELY GETTING  
KILLED WOULD BE JUST  
WHAT I'D DO THIS KINDA  
STUFF IN MA, BU! EVERY  
SUNDAY JUST WITH  
THE GUNS

THIS  
ISN'T MA, BU!  
AHHHHH!

OH DON'T  
BE SUCH A BABY  
AREN'T YOU  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
BRAVE?

THE HUNG OFF  
THE END OF THE SILVER  
SUNTER'S BACK, FLYING  
ON IRON MAN'S BACK  
AND WALKING WITH THE  
SUB MARINER AND NONE  
OF THAT IS AS GOOD AS  
BEING WITH ME IN THE  
MOTORCYCLE

"THIS IS NOT  
A MOTORCYCLE."  
WH FRIEND, THIS IS  
MY BABY.

SO WHO'S  
TRYING TO KILL  
ME?

ARE THOSE  
GUNS ARE AFTER  
YOU MAN

OH, PLEASE.  
I'M A COMEDIAN.  
NOBODY WANTS TO  
KILL A COMEDIAN.

POP



HANG ON,  
THIS IS GONNA BE  
TRICKY...

YOU PROBABLY  
HAVE LOADS OF ENEMIES.  
THINK ABOUT IT. EVERYONE  
CALLS YOU A MENACE, YOU  
HAVE A NATURAL WAY OF  
GETTING ON PEOPLE'S NERVES,  
YOU'RE VERY TOUCHY AND  
YOU FIGHT BAD GUYS  
FOR A LIVING.

WE'VE  
BEEN THROUGH  
THAT.

SORRY. 'A  
HOBBY.' I STILL  
THINK YOU'RE  
THE ONE THEY'RE  
AFTER.

I DON'T KNOW, JAY. THE WAY YOU RAG ON  
SUPER HEROES, I'M SURPRISED CAPTAIN  
AMERICA HIMSELF HASN'T SHOWN UP  
AND TAKEN A SHOT AT YOU.

I COULD  
PROBABLY HANDLE  
HIM IF HE DID. **WITH-**  
**OUT** THE SPANDEX  
JANNIES!

YEAH, RIGHT.  
THE MALIBU BOY  
IS GONNA TAKE ON  
CAP. NOW THAT'S  
FUNNY.

UH OH...

HEY, I LIVED IN NEW YORK  
FOR YEARS BEFORE L.A.  
I'M STREET TOUGH.

IS L.A.  
NICE?

YEAH, MAN. YOU OUGHTA COME  
OUT SOMETIME. I'M SURE YOU'D  
ENJOY CLIMBING THE PALM  
TREES. THERE'S A COUPLE  
OVER THERE YOU'RE MISSING.  
KEEP YOUR BUG EYES ON  
THE BALL, OKAY?

COULD I  
BE ON YOUR  
SHOW?

NO  
WAY, YOU'D  
CHOKE.

OH, PLEASE.  
HOW HARD CAN IT BE  
IF YOU DO IT?

TRUST ME.  
I'VE BEEN AT IT A LONG  
TIME. YOU'D CHOKE AND  
MAKE AN IDIOT OUT  
OF YOURSELF.

MAN, I'M A  
SUPER HERO, OKAY?  
I CAN LIFT A TRUCK.  
I THINK I COULD EKE  
MY WAY THROUGH YOUR  
SILLY SHOW. YOU  
KNOW WHAT?

FORGET IT. I  
DON'T WANT TO  
BE ON IT NOW.







